

A N
ELEGY
ON THE

DEATH

O F

Mr. Thomas Vigurs.

Death is swallowed up in Victory!

By JOSEPH BATTEN.

BATH: Printed by W. GYE, and Sold at his
Office, Price 1d. or 6s. per hundred.

TO THE
Rev. Mr. WILLS,

Of St. Agnes, in Cornwall,

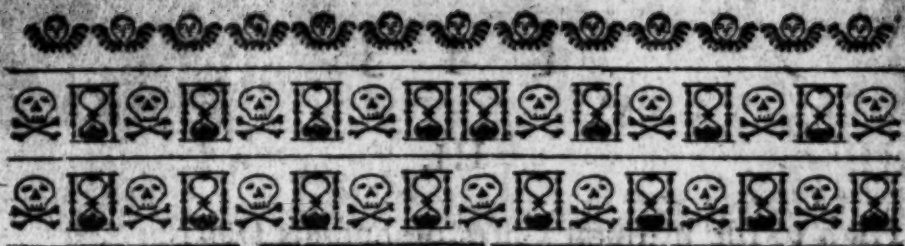
THESE Simple, yet honest Efforts,
to demonstrate the Value of his
dear departed FRIEND, are, with the
greatest respect,

INSCRIBED,

By his most obliged,

and sincere humble Servant,

JOSEPH BATTEN.



A N

E L E G Y.

I.

HARK! the Celestial Trumpets tune the Air,
And buoyant Angels spread their spangl'd plume,
While yonder young-ey'd Cherubs sweetly bear,
Immortal VIGURS, to his Heav'nly home.

II.

Snatch'd from his kneeling Sisters tender arms!
That gently propt him in the falt'ring hour;
Lo! how he brightens with increasing Charms!
See how he triumphs in eternal Pow'r!

III.

High to the brilliant Gates of endless Day!
 That burst their golden Bars to take him in;
 The new-born Seraph grandly tow'rs away!
 Happ'ly escap'd the pond'rous mass of Sin.

IV.

Angelic Potentates with joy descend,
 And quit their shining Ranks, and leave the Throne
 Sweetly to waft their dis-imprison'd Friend,
 And lead him to the UNCREATED ONE.

V.

Now JESU's smiles en-trance his glowing Soul,
 Transport him to the Image of his GOD;
 Peals of Cherubic praise incessant roll,
 And VIGURS swims the Paradisic road.

VI.

Wonders increase around his ravish'd view!
 The schemes of Providence, the ways of Grace;
 The *Esau's* portion, and the *Jacob's* too!
 The *Everlasting* Covenant of Peace!

VII.

Wisdom unfolds her reconciling page,
And brightly blazons forth the grand decree;
Ope's the determin'd Acts that 'rack the Sage,
And 'scape the lifted Mortal's Scrutiny.

VIII.

Methinks I hear his now melodious Voice!
Break forth in Anthems of redeeming Love;
Extol the FATHER's *Everlasting* Choice,
And shout the Blessings of the Mystic Dove.

IX.

Hail! to the SACRED THREE!
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JEHOVAH ALEIM!
My everlasting Theme!
Whose wonderful decree!
From all Eternity,
Thousands of Souls reserv'd for endless Extacy.

X.

Say, doth *Monimia's* bosom throb for this?
 Sweet JESU hush her fond maternal Grief!
 Point, point her streaming Eyes to yonder Bliss,
 And let the gracious Vision bring relief.

XI.

And you, his dear Associates, cease to mourn;
 The lov'd, departed Youth, forbids your woe;
 Well:—drop one secret Tear upon his urn,
 And then——Alas! my own begin to flow.

XII.

Nature, avaunt!—Yet mem'ry intervenes,
 And fondly leads me to the gracious Youth!
 Ah me! methinks I trace the recent scenes,
 Where VIGURS utter'd undissembl'd Truth.

XIII.

How would he sweetly talk of sov'reign Grace!
 And mourn the pressure of internal Sin!
 How would he plead a spotless Righteousness!
 Full, and sufficient, for a Wretch unclean!

XIV.

Deep in the Knowledge of the Heart, he strove
 Still to abase the vaunting Sons of Pride;
 Still would he talk of *Everlasting* love;
 And scorn the refuge too, of ought beside.

XV.

Prudent, and honest in Reproofs, to all,
 Yet gentle, as an inoffensive Dove:
 Chaste, diffident, benign, his humble Soul
 Appear'd the fav'rite residence of Love.

XVI.

Such was my darling Friend; whose mem'ry dear,
 Provok'd this simple, tributary Lay;
 Such was the Youth—again a starting Tear
 Weakens the Effort, and the wish'd display.

O that the Soul renewing Grace of GOD!
 That brighten'd Virens for his grand abode;
 That led him humble to the sprinkled Throne;
 And grandly stamp'd him GOD's adopted one;
 That sweetly lock'd his Passions into peace,
 Shone in his Life, and triumph'd in his Face,
 May with like precious pow'r on us distil,
 Illume the Judgment, and reform the Wills;
 Diffuse it's renovating Streams abroad,
 And ripen Us, for Glory, and for GOD.

XV

Such was my darling Friend; a whole man's dear;
 Protectors of this simple story lay;
 Such was the Youngling's Fear
 Weeping the Rites of youth would play.

